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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

UNLEASH THE FREAK

KAL JERICO ENTERS THE PIT!

CONTENTS

KAL JERICO The swiftest bounty hunter in the universe may have finally met his match as Kal Jerico takes on the Freak!
Script: Gordon Reagin • Art: Ben Lopham • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

DARKBLADE Darkblade has returned! At the head of a great army, and under a banner of blood, he rides forth into the lands of Ulthuan. He brings war, but will fate bring victory?
Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Kev Hopwood www.blacklibrary.com/darkblade

THE BLOOD THAT STAINS ULTHUAN Malon Darkblade's impact on the attacks on Ablan has not gone unnoticed by the High Elves, as this letter demonstrates. And Darkblade is not finished yet...

DEATHWATCH The plot thickens as the full scale of the Insurrection becomes evident; the gene-stealer brood is waiting to pounce. But an answer may be presenting itself to the intrepid Deathwatch...
Script: Jim Alexander • Reprints: Lee Townsend • Ink: Graham Stoddart • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

TITAN Thrust through the reality bending Warp, the crew of Imperius Dictatio find themselves trapped on a bizarre alien world. (For the full Titan back story visit www.blacklibrary.com/titan)
Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Anthony Williams • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

WHEN YOU SPEND

your entire work-week editing fantasy and science fiction, it's at times very easy to become a bit divorced from reality – only yesterday I spent the entire day convinced that assistant editor Matt was having computer trouble and it wasn't actually him sitting at his desk but an IT guy instead. 500, it didn't stop me working out my escape route in case it happens again. However, looking around at some of the current real world events I'm beginning to think that we're all living in some starglare concocted by one of our Black Library authors. Trains not running because sunlight is melting the tracks. Chelsea in with a decent chance of winning the premiership this season. At this rate daemon-bonded dark elves, eight-foot tall genetically altered super soldiers and DNA manching vortekoid aliens are going to start looking mundane. On second thoughts, what are the chances of that...? CD

ISBN barcode



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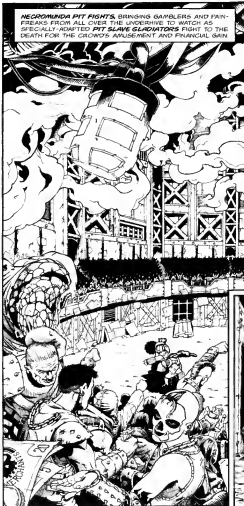
KAL JERICO in THE FREAK

NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE BEFORE THE EVENTS OF ABOVE & BEYOND

NECROMUNDA PIT FIGHTS, BRINGING GAMBLERS AND FAN-FREAKS FROM ALL OVER THE UNDERWORLD TO WATCH AS SPECIALLY-ADAPTED PIT SLAVE GLADIATORS FIGHT TO THE DEATH FOR THE CROWD'S AMUSEMENT AND FINANCIAL GAIN



BLOODY AND BRUTAL, SAVAGE AND WITHOUT MERCY, PIT FIGHTS ARE NO PLACE FOR THE SQUEAMISH, AND ONLY A BRAVE MAN - OR THE BIGGEST FOOL IN THE HIVE - WOULD EVER TRY TO INTERFERE IN ONE.



GUILD-LICENSED BOUNTY HUNTERS WE HAVE A WARRANT FOR THIS MAN'S ARREST



HEY! YOU
JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A
WHOLE HIVE OF TROUBLE,
FRIEND!

NOT ONLY DID YOU
JUST DESTROY A VALUABLE PIECE OF
MERCHANDISE, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE
GOOD ON ALL THESE CANCELLED
BETTING MARKERS.



THERE'S
A 500 CRED RUNAWAY
SLAVE BOUNTY ON THIS
ONE HERE, FIXABLE ONLY
IF HE'S BROUGHT IN
ALIVE.

ALL I
WAS DOING WAS
PROTECTING MY
INVESTMENT.



TAKE IT UP
WITH THE GUILD IF NEED BE,
BUT I'VE GOT A BOUNTY TO
COLLECT.

OH, YOU
AINT GOING NOWHERE,
FRIEND.



THESE PEOPLE
CAME HERE WANTING TO SEE TOP QUALITY
BRUTAL AND SENSELESS VIOLENCE AND,
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE
GOING TO GIVE 'EM.



STILL, I'M
ALWAYS WILLING TO LISTEN TO
ANY REASONABLE
OFFER.

VERY
WELL, A WAGER
THEN.



I BEAT ANY
OF YOUR FIGHTERS, I GO
FREE WITH MY PRISONER.
I LOSE, I MAKE GOOD
ON ALL YOUR LOST
EARNINGS.

HEE HEE
YOUR LIFE, YOUR
LOSS...

BOYS, LET THE FREAK LOOSE!



YOU
SURE ABOUT
THIS?

ABSOLUTELY.
JUST WATCH MY BACK
AND PUT ON A FEW
SIDE-BETS
WHEN



KAL VERSUS THE FREAK
16/3 AGAINST







ALL
BETS ARE
OFF!!

SKONK!



SCAM,
THAT WAS SOME
FIGHT!

OH, THE
FIGHT WAS THE EASY
PART.



THE HARD
PART IS GOING TO BE
GETTING BACK OUT OF HERE
ALIVE AND WITH ALL OUR
WINNINGS!

THE END

Darkblade

Book IV & Banner of Blood

Part Two

KINOR KINOLL'S SON
RELINQUISHES HIS JOB.

WHEN **HAS GRAEF**
DEFEATED THE FORCES OF
NAGGOR, THE POPULATION
OF THAT BLACK ARK
BECAME ITS SLAVES.

AND **MALUS**
DARKBLADE,
DIRACHAU OF THE
HAS, MADE HIS
COMRADES IN ARMS
KINOR SLAVE
MASTER OF THE
NAGGOR.

COME
ON YOU
DOGS!
THERE'S A
WAR TO
WIN!

Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood

DEFEATED ON THE COASTAL
PLAINS OF GRACE, THE ARMIES
OF **ULTHUAN** HAVE REPAIRED BACK
INTO THE PASSES OF THE ANNULI.

THE NARROW PASSES
ARE EASY TO DEFEND.
THE HIGH BLUES NEED
ONLY TO HOLD IT AND
THE INVASION HOST
WILL BE STOPPED
BEFORE IT HAS
EVEN ENTERED
ULTHUAN PROPER.

NOW KINOR DRIVES HIS ENSLAVED INFANTRY
UP INTO THE PASSES TOWARDS THEM.

GET
MOVING,
YOU SCUM!

THE RESULT
SEEMS TO BE
PREDICTABLE.



THEY'RE
SLAUGHTERING
US, LORD KUNOR!

CEASE
YOUR NOISE
AND GET
FORWARD!

AIGH!



NOT EVERYONE IN
DARKLAKES COURT IS
MADDER WITH THE USE OF
THE NASSGOR INFANTRY.

THEY'RE
DYING IN
DROVES.



OF
COURSE
THEY ARE,
SILAR. THAT'S
THE IDEA.

THEY'RE
PODDER TO
SOAK UP THE
ENEMY'S
SPITE.



I KNOW
WE DEFEATED
NASSGOR, LORD MALUS.
BUT STILL, THEY ARE
DRUDGE. IT
SEEMS... WRONG... TO
TREAT THEM THIS
WAY.







"...AND THAT WILL LURE THE
HIGH ELVES OUT, BELIEVING
THEY HAVE MY ARMY IN ROUT."

THEY
HAVE NOT, OF
COURSE.

"AND THE
QUARRELS OF
OUR REPEATER
CROSSBOWS
IN THE SIDES
OF THE
PASSES WILL
PUNISH THAT
MISTAKE."



ONCE THE
SQUIM OF ULTHUAN
REALISE THEY HAVE BEEN
DUPED, THEY WILL FALL
BACK...



AND FIND THEIR PATH
BLOCKED BY LORD
NARZA AND HIS
EXECUTIONERS WHO
WERE LYING IN WAIT.



"IT WILL BE UNPLEASANT,
FOR THEM."



TELL ME
THAT SCALE
OF VICTORY IS NOT
WORTH A FEW
SLAVE LIVES.
SLAR?





DARKLADIS IS FLUSHED WITH HIS **DOUBLE** VICTORY. HE EAGERLY AWAITS HIS MEETING WITH HIS MASTER, THE WITCHKING...





WALUS
DARKBLADE:
YOU LITTLE
BASTARD...

NEXT

WRATH
OF THE
WITCH
KING

THE BLOOD THAT STAINS ULTHUAN

My lords,

I hope this finds you well.

No doubt tidings have already reached you about the final weary struggles on this wind-swept isle of Albion where I have been for many months. I am happy to concur with the news: the forces of darkness have indeed been repelled from this bastion of light. But the cost has been high, and the margin of our victory not as wide as perhaps others have reported.

It is true that most of the dark ones have slunk away to whatever places they feel safe, chastened by the vengeful wrath of our mighty armies. But some remain skulking in boltholes, in the mountain caves and fog-shrouded

swamps. The sacred land is bruised and battered, but it prevails, despite everything; the great Ogham stone circles still stand, and the greatest disaster has been averted. For now.

The truth of the matter is that the stones' power may never regain full strength, and the mists that hide his land may have been dissipated forever. This means that we will forever be open for invasion, and our task as custodians will be much more difficult. The wounds inflicted by this attack could be reopened at any moment. This must not be allowed to happen. Already I hear rumours from the high elf mages on Ulthuan that the tides of magic from the north are blowing stronger than usual and this is placing increasing pressure on the stones. I dread to think of the outcome if Albion had fallen.

But held it did, but as I stated before, the price was high. Never again do I want to witness the atrocities that I saw occur in the name of this isle's necessary defence. I was here for the opening moves of this particularly nasty game of war, when the cursed dark elves invaded the shores.

They secured many strong vantage points on the north-west coastline. Malekith himself led the warhost. But where else would that treacherous warmonger be than at the head of his army?

He was accompanied by his most spiteful and vicious general, Mahus Darkblade, whose success in the field requires us to keep a sharp eye on him in the future. He is an able commander and a formidable opponent. For a time it seemed that we could not stand against their forces. The black dragons of the Witch King set about our warriors, causing all to either flee, or fall.



But ground was not given easily! Oh, how we made the scum pay for every bit of ground! But their progress could not be halted, and despite heavy losses they made headway deep into the island's interior. These thieving bandits pillaged many ancient barrows and tombs, and sent the spoils back to Naggaroth. We then received news that they had landed several of their black arks on the coast to bolster their position. This was devastating news, as our forces were already stretched very thin. Their raiding activities increased accordingly.

It was all we could do to delay their advance, even as more dark elves landed at Ulthuan. By taking the magical stones, Malekith threatened to strengthen the magical power of his armies. As you are aware, many of our warriors were involved in the defence of Ulthuan, and it was left to our noble navy to wrest control of the Ogham stones wherever possible. They did this by harrying the dark elves' supply columns, thus cutting off the besieging forces on Ulthuan and Albion from their home in Naggaroth.

This they did with great skill and courage, and all of our kin should honour them for their actions and sacrifices. Even now our proud hunting ships – Eagleships and Dragonships – ply the seas and patrol the coast, preventing more enemies from landing, and ensuring the dark kindred have great difficulty in sending back their plunder and spoils of victory to the armies fighting on Ulthuan.

Albion is saved, and her defence is now more assured. With our ships patrolling the seas and our armies now free (largely) from the invaders in Albion, we can begin rebuilding and re-planning for the future. We face hard times, and the way ahead seems dim to me, but I have faith that we can see this dark times through, as we have done for many years before.

It remains to be seen what will happen next. Surely, the invader besets us, and surely all will put their strength and fortitude into holding them off. Of one thing I am certain: Malekith hates us, and he wants us destroyed with our lands under his yolk more than

anything else in the world. I also know that Malus Darkblade will have some effect on our future. One such as him is to be watched. It amuses me to think that Malekith is probably watching him as much as we are.

Once again, my lords, I hope this missive finds you well, and prepared for the tasks ahead.

Yours,

Triandis

High Watcher Triandis



ONE LAST PUSH AND THE WAR IS BOTH
WON - AND JUST BEGINNING.

THE IMPERIUM IS BUT AN
PRECEDENCE, REDUCED TO
SMALL PACKETS OF RESISTANCE
TO MAKE EXAMPLES OF AND NO
THREAT TO OUR REIGNING.

FOR SOME YEARS WE HAVE
SUSPECTED SOMETHING
WASNT RIGHT. RANTON,
INTERLUDE CONTAIN IT.

THIS DANGER
WITHIN ME.

WHERE THE IMPERIUM IS NOT
ANYMORE, SO I AM THE RIGHT HAND
MAN. MY MIND IMMERSED IN
STRATEGY - APPROVING THE FORCES
IN. I AM THE MARCH, AND THERE
IS NO GREATER POWER.

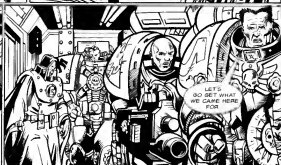
TIME TO ASCEND AND WALKING MY
ROAD. TAKE THE DIRECT APPROACH -
WHICH TO BE HONEST SHOULDN'T PROVE
TOO MUCH OF A PROBLEM.

THE FORTH IS THE BEST - THE IMPERIUM -
THE EVERYTHING - ARE IN SECRET BANKERS
UNDERSTAND THE VERY POWER ITSELF.

WE'VE ALWAYS
BEEN HERE.

DEATHWATCH

STORY: JIM ALEXANDER
PENCILS: GRAHAM STODART
INKS: LEE TOWNSEND
LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON



I AM
USELESS TO THEM
NOW

ONCE THEY
TAKE WHAT THEY WANT,
THEY'LL LEAVE ME AND THIS
PLANET TO ITS FATE. THE
EMPEROR HAS INDEED
FORSAKEN US.

GOVERNOR,
YOU CALLED ME
HERE.

YOU STOOD
UP FOR ME, WELTCH, AGAINST
THE ADEPTUS ASTARTES. NO
LESS, I WON'T FORGET
THAT.

GOVERNOR'S
PRIVILEGES - THIS IS MY
CONTROL ROOM. FROM
THIS SEAT I CAN CONTROL THE
SECTOR'S DEFENCES AND
COMMUNICATIONS. NOT
SO USELESS AFTER
ALL, EH?

YOU ARE DEAD,
GOVERNOR.

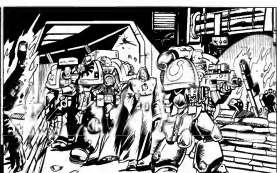
FURTHERMORE
I HAVE **PRAXINE** IN ONE
OF MY SAFE HOUSES
UNDETECTED BY THE
GULISTS.

I WILL ORDER
MY MARSHALS TO MOVE
FROM. I NEED SOMETHING-OR
SOMEONE-TO **GARRISON**
WITH. WITHOUT THAT,
WHAT AM I?

**B
L
A
M
E**

FOR
THE SCORPION BLOOD
BROTHER, YOUR **MASSOS** PRAISES
YOU!







NOT ONLY THE ARCHITECT
OF THE TYRANO DIRECTIVE



THE IMPERIUM OPERATION
SEVENTY YEARS IN THE MAKING
TO ERADICATE THE TYRANO RACE



PAVANE IS
PATIENT ZERO

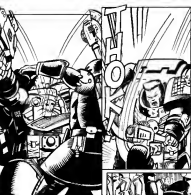


FEARING CAPTURE BY THE INSIDIOUS
GENESTEALER CULT AT WORK ON PAVANE
PAVANE DESTROYED ALL EVIDENCE OF
HIS DECADES OF RESEARCH

BUT NOT BEFORE HE INJECTED HIMSELF
WITH THE LYNCHPIN OF HIS RESEARCH -
THE CONTAGION IN ITS PUREST FORM



ALL OTHERS WERE INJECTED WITH
A PROGRESSIVE STRAIN - SO MUCH
SO ITS PUREST FORM ACTS AS AN
ANTIDOTE NEUTRALISING THE
MUTATIVE EFFECTS



NEED
DAMAGE
REPORT?

SUIT
LEVELS DOWN TO
NINETY-FOUR PER CENT
SOME SUPERFICIAL
WOUNDING.



I'VE
BEEN
BETTER



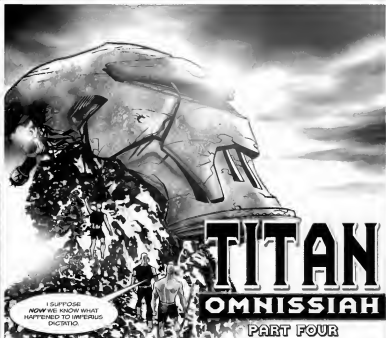
AND THE CLUB'S ONLY HOPE
OF DEVELOPING A CURE

HE'S GONE
THE ONLY PLACE
THEY'D TAKE HIM.
THE HEART OF THE
UPPER'S NEST.



THE PATRIARCH'S LAIR

TO BE CONTINUED



STORY: DAN ABNETT • ART: GREGG WILKINSON • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON





THEN WHY DIDN'T WE ALL
WASH UP **TOGETHER**, AT
THE SAME **TIME**?

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND
THE WORKINGS
OF THE WARP,
ENGINEER?

OF COURSE NOT!

THERE'S
YOUR ANSWER,
THEN.

THREE
YEARS, YOU MUST
HAVE **LEARNED** A THING
OR TWO ABOUT THIS
PLACE IN THAT TIME.
ENGINEER,
SR.

ONE
THING ONLY, ZYSO
L'D...

POISON VINE.
TOXIC THORN. CROC-
BEASTS. BAT-WINGS. SAND-
SHARKS. WHIP-WASPS.
DEMON-BUGS. ALL **MANNER**
OF SPIDER THINGS. AND THAT'S
BEFORE YOU GET TO THE
PRIMITIVES.

PRIMITIVES?

WHAT DID
YOSS CALL 'EM?
"SUBHUMANS"?

...IT'S THE
MOST **LETHAL**
PLACE IN THE
GALAXY.

IF THIS
IS STILL THE
GALAXY WE
KNOW



YOU FOUND
SOME THINGS EDIBLE
AT LEAST, I WAS LIVING
OFF BERRIES AND
FRUIT...

...THE ONES
THAT **DIDN'T**
MAKE ME
SICK.

I GOT
SICK PLENTY **TOO**.
EARLY ON, I TRAPPED AND
ATE THIS RAT-THING. LEFT
ME **VOMITING** FOR A
WEEK.



EVEN THE
STARS MAKE YOU SICK.
ALIEN CONSTELLATIONS.
DON'T LOOK AT THEM
TOO LONG



SO...
THE **SUSHUMANS**?
THEY'RE THE MOST
ADVANCED LIFE
FORM HERE?



TILL **WE**
CAME ALONG. THEY
AREN'T AFRAID OF **ANYTHING**.
EXCEPT THE REAL **BIG** BEASTS
LIKE THE ONE YOU
SAW

THE **SUSHUMANS**
SEEM TO REGARD
THOSE THINGS LIKE
THEY'RE **GODS** OR
SOMETHING.

BUT
OTHERWISE,
YES, THEY'RE
PRETTY MUCH **TOP**
OF THE **HEAP**
HERE.



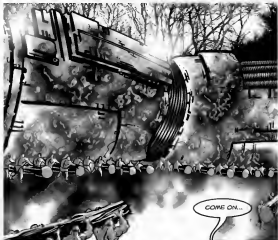
THEY'VE
EVEN GOT
THEIR OWN
CITY.





I THOUGHT
YOU SAID THEY
REGARDED THE
LARGE BEASTS
AS GODS?

THEY.
TODD, LAD, I
NEVER SAID THE
SUBHUMANS
MADE MUCH
SENSE.



COME ON...



...I'LL
SHOW YOU WHERE
THEY'RE TAKING
IT.



ENGINEER
DORN, SIR? HAVE YOU SEEN
ANY ONE ~~ELSE~~ FROM THE
CREW SINCE YOU GOT
HERE?

YES.
SECOND ASSISTANT
GUNNER WILKA AND
APPRENTICE ENGINEER
VERGONE.

WILKA
WAS DEAD. SKINNED
HUNG FROM A
TREE.



VERGONE
WAS WITH ME FOR THE
FIRST MONTH, THEN HE GOT
BIT IN HALF BY WHIP
WASP?

THE
SCREAM HE LET
OUT... AH I'LL NEVER
FORGET.

COME
ON THROUGH
HERE...



NEXT: SUBHUMAN CENTRAL

Salvation or Annihilation?



Last Stand
on Yavor
concludes next issue

Minutemen



Read it,
Like it?
Buy it!

ABADDON

VIVA LA MUERTE...

